

The Ring or the Man

By F. H. LANCASTER.
Copyright, 1922, by Daily Story Publishing Company.

The trouble all began in Gus Holden doing the unexpected thing. Everybody predicted, and with reason, that if Molly Cartwell got engaged before the season was over it would be to young Maxwell Barton, the broad-shouldered newspaper man from Mississippi. And up to that momentous afternoon it is fair to say that Molly and Max shared the common conviction. They were great friends. Everybody also said that it would be an excellent match. "For Molly," some of the women added. But that was only a spurt of feminine meanness over which the men shrugged their shoulders. They knew the state of Max's finances. And now Molly had sent down word that she was sorry, but that she would not be able to go boating this afternoon, and Max had swung off to the wharf, covering his disappointment with one of Righter's songs:

"Oh, my Mexican Juanita,
In the moonlight I will meet her,
Way down upon the silver Rio Grande."

Molly heard, and the hand that held the beautiful ring twitched nervously. "What a voice he had! And everything about him is as big as his voice," she added regretfully. "I wonder if he would care, much. I would hate to hurt him. He is such a happy hearted fellow in spite of his bad luck." Her eyes went back to the ring.

For this was the unexpected thing Gus Holden had done. He had written Miss Molly Cartwell a business-like offer of marriage and backed up his offer with a perfect love of a diamond. "If I see the ring on your hand tonight, I shall understand that you have decided to make me one of the happiest of men," had been the formal ending of that formal letter.

"I suppose I will have to get married some day," she reflected. But of a truth, this was not exactly the way she had intended to be made love to by the man she would eventually marry. Heaven knows what she had intended should happen. Most girls crave a romantic love affair, and there was no romance about this straight-cut and thrust letter; nothing but the ring.

Oh, that ring! What a beauty it was. How the other girls would go on over it.

Everybody knew Gus Holden had more money than he could spend. That was all they did know about him. The idea of marrying a man she had not met a dozen times! Why under the sun had he taken it into his head to be in such a hurry!

"The happiest of men." How cold it looked on paper. No doubt he had written it because he considered it the correct thing, like the "Yours truly" at the bottom of a business letter.

For a minute she gave place to pettishness and wished with all her heart that Gus Holden had kept his old letter and his old ring to himself, and that she was out on the water having a good time with Max. Dear old Max, with his huge head and deep voice, and, best of all, honest, happy heart.

All very charming attributes, no doubt, but yet not much in the way of assets when looked at from the dollars and cents point of view.

"And I'll have to get married some day. Gracious knows I don't want to be an old maid." She picked up the ring and looked at it lovingly.

"You are a beauty, aren't you? Why, Max would have to sell everything he owns, down to his golf clubs, before he could give a girl such a thing as this. But, then, Max is a man, and he does work hard. My goodness, how gloriously he could make love to a girl, if only he could afford it." And Molly pushed aside the ring and dropped her face into her hands, that she might the better recall a certain delicious afternoon she and Max had spent together tramping over the hills with their kodaks. The huskiness that had come

actly! Why, how did he know what size to get? Maybe he does care, in his way, and of course he couldn't be like Max. But, then, I really don't know that Max cares or that I would care if he did care. I suppose I could learn to love Mr. Holden if I had to. After all youth and love are very fine in blank verse, but you can't make a living at them. The best thing you can do, Molly Cartwell, is to take the gifts the gods provide you and say "Thank you." He doesn't ask you to say that you love him, only to wear the ring. And gracious knows that will be easy enough to do. Especially when those girls from the other club are to take supper here to-night." She turned the ring slowly and a blaze of light leaped out from every apex.

"My goodness, how I would hate to see you flashing on another girl's finger. And that's what would happen, you know. Gus Holden isn't the man to dally over a thing. If you don't wear it some other girl will, and pretty quick, too." She gazed at the beautiful stone wistfully. It was very beautiful, yet not so beautiful as the light in Max's eyes had been when he told her huskily that she had made him happy.

"Well, it was decided at last." The diamond in her lap winked up at her.



It was not a precise middle-aged man, knowingly. Presently Mr. Holden would come in with his eyeglasses. She wondered a trifle dreadingly what kind of a figure he would cut as one of the happiest of men. But she knew she would be glad when he did come and it was all over.

There was a step outside and Molly felt that she was quite equal to the occasion. It was not a precise middle-aged man, however, that came through the open window. Nothing but a bass voice trolling out a vaudeville song:

"Oh my Mexican Juanita,
In the moonlight I will meet her,
Way down upon the silver Rio Grande."

"Max, my splendid Max. No, I'm—" Molly clenched the ring in her palm and started upstairs on a run.

"Why, Molly?"

"Beg pardon, Max. I was in a hurry—I didn't see—"

"All right, but see here. I've been made editor and I'm going to get married."

"Who to?"

"Why, to you."

"Oh, Max, I'm so glad!"

"Are you, dear? I know I am."

Kansas Notes

The kindly disposed highwayman, who "relieves" people of their money, is operating in Topeka.

A Coffeyville woman represents, among other allegations in her petition for a divorce, that she was not legally married. Thus is the legal problem raised, can a marriage be annulled which never happened?

A devout pastor in Kirwin was deeply grieved because some in the congregation snickered when he announced the hymn, "And Still There's More to Follow," after administering the ordinance of infant baptism upon a large class.

A new graft in Northern Kansas: Men call on the afmer and offer \$5 for the privilege of hunting on his farm, and asks for a receipt for the \$5, which afterwards turns up at the bank in the form of an iron-clad promissory for \$500.

Last summer Topeka had no ice competition; this year there will be six companies in the field.

If Kansas ever does undertake the culture of sugar beets extensively the world may look for Kansas to beet the band.

Fate was simply unable to withstand the temptation when Miss Opal, a young woman in Smith county, tried to encourage a reluctant fir with kerosene.

The Concordia Empire insists it is unfair that the man who shoveled the snow from the walks, abutting his property, and the man who neglected to do so should meet on an equal footing.

George Chouteau, mail carrier, living at 316 South Emporia avenue, Wichita, shot his stepson, Albert Corbett, last week because, he said, he discovered that the latter had made an assault on Chouteau's 12-year-old daughter. He shot at the young man, wounding him in the hand. Both men were arrested and taken to the city jail, but Chouteau was later released, owing to the serious illness of Mrs. Chouteau.

J. A. Briggs, a well-to-do and highly respected farmer, living three miles northwest of Columbus, was either accidentally killed by the discharge of a shotgun or committed suicide, last week. He was in the barn and had either taken the gun with him expecting to go hunting or with suicidal intent. The upper half of his head was blown off. He was prosperous and it seems no reason exists for suicide.

A piece of Battenberg lace is on display in Salina, made by a 16-year-old town boy. His parents should exercise great diligence not to let any of the other boys get at him.

The editor of the Mankato Advocate says he is willing to bet his last pair of suspenders on a good corn crop this year. If there is no corn crop he expects to lose the suspenders anyhow.

The Dobbs-New case from Greenwood county has reached the United States Supreme court. The Dobbs-New case is the successor and heir of the hillman case.

The meanest man in Kansas has been located in Sumner county. He held up and robbed a man both of whose arms had been amputated.

A "refined young lady worth \$20,000," who lives in Toronto, Canada, is advertising in the Leavenworth papers in the hope of finding some one who will love her.

A man in Fort Scott picked up a half of a \$5 bill which had been torn in two. It is surmised that somebody has been on a tear.

The magazine writer, who located a mountain range fifty miles south of Topeka, must have had a very exaggerated idea of the Flint Hills.

Captain G. M. Lee of Arkansas City, died at his residence 709 North Ninth street, last week, aged 67 years.

Grant Hornaday of Fort Scott, who owns a national bank, the street railway, a newspaper and nearly everything else not on the catalogue, had been numbered by the Goodlanders, began work sixteen years ago as a collector for the bank of which he is now president, and his salary was \$15 a month.

An Iowa man recently devoured seven dozen eggs at a single sitting, thus making the extravagance of a \$2-a-plate banquet look positive economy.

John T. Stewart of Wellington owns 576 quarter sections of land. It figures us to 144 square miles, or nearly 100,000 acres—a pretty good farm—in the richest portion of Kansas.

A little lot in Leavenworth described a skeleton as "a man who has his insides outside, and his outsides off."

Kansas is familiar with the species lobo and hobo, but the "Zobo band," which has been organized in Salina, is something new.

In Onaga, efforts to pin a doker's tail at the right spot on the wall, while blindfolded is regarded as the height of social gaiety.

There is a quill club among those inclined toward literature at the University of Kansas, and a few of the Quillers are really toxy.

Eddie Harkness of Chanute, who "stepped in front of a Girard branch passenger," is in the hospital.

Specimen of a Giant Turtle.

LAWRENCE.—(Special.) The specimen of a gigantic turtle was recently collected by Charles Sternberg in Western Kansas and sent to the University. It has just been mounted and placed in the museum. In life the turtle measured ten feet across its shell. Its hind legs were four feet long and its forelegs six feet. It is the most complete specimen of its kind in any museum.

DO YOU WORK IN THE WET?

THE ORIGINAL
TOWER'S
FISH BRAND
OILED CLOTHING
MADE OF TULLON
IS A SURE PROTECTION
AGAINST
COLD AND DRY
SKIN
MADE FOR SERVICE
CATALOGUES FREE
SHOWING FULL LINE OF GARMENTS AND HATS
A. J. TOWER CO. BOSTON, MASS. 47

CAPSICUM VASELINE

(PUT UP IN COLLAPSIBLE TUBES)
A substitute for and superior to mustard or any other plaster, and will not blister the most delicate skin. The pain-relieving and curative qualities of this article are wonderful. It will stop the toothache at once, and relieve headache and neuralgia. We recommend it as the best and safest external counter-irritant known. It is an external remedy for pains in the chest and stomach, and all rheumatic, neuralgic and gouty complaints. A trial will prove what we claim for it, and it will be found to be invaluable in the household. Many people say "it is the best of all your preparations." Price 15 cents, at all druggists or other dealers, or by mail. We will send you a tube by mail, postage stamps, enclosing the price of 15 cents. No article should be accepted by the public unless the name of the manufacturer is on the wrapper. It is not genuine.
CHESBROUGH MFG. CO.
17 State Street, NEW YORK CITY.

SALZER'S SEEDS

Seed Corn FREE
A new variety—biggest ever sown—matures in 95 days. We will send a big package FREE, express prepaid, to anyone sending 25¢ in cash or the value of 25¢ in goods. MAMMOTH CORN CO., Dept. G, Glenwood, Iowa.

Seed Corn FREE
A new variety—biggest ever sown—matures in 95 days. We will send a big package FREE, express prepaid, to anyone sending 25¢ in cash or the value of 25¢ in goods. MAMMOTH CORN CO., Dept. G, Glenwood, Iowa.

Seed Corn FREE
A new variety—biggest ever sown—matures in 95 days. We will send a big package FREE, express prepaid, to anyone sending 25¢ in cash or the value of 25¢ in goods. MAMMOTH CORN CO., Dept. G, Glenwood, Iowa.

FREE

A WONDERFUL SHREB—CURES
KIDNEY AND BLADDER
Diseases, Rheumatism, etc.

In the short time that Alkavite, the Kava-Kava shrub, has been known to the American public, its cures of various forms of Kidney and Bladder diseases, Rheumatism and Gouty Disorders, have been numbered by the thousands. Alkavite has not been extensively advertised through newspapers or otherwise, but has made its way entirely on its merits, and through the fact that every sufferer can make free trial of its wonderful curative powers, and judge of its value from personal experience.

FREE

A WONDERFUL SHREB—CURES
KIDNEY AND BLADDER
Diseases, Rheumatism, etc.

In the short time that Alkavite, the Kava-Kava shrub, has been known to the American public, its cures of various forms of Kidney and Bladder diseases, Rheumatism and Gouty Disorders, have been numbered by the thousands. Alkavite has not been extensively advertised through newspapers or otherwise, but has made its way entirely on its merits, and through the fact that every sufferer can make free trial of its wonderful curative powers, and judge of its value from personal experience.

FREE

A WONDERFUL SHREB—CURES
KIDNEY AND BLADDER
Diseases, Rheumatism, etc.

In the short time that Alkavite, the Kava-Kava shrub, has been known to the American public, its cures of various forms of Kidney and Bladder diseases, Rheumatism and Gouty Disorders, have been numbered by the thousands. Alkavite has not been extensively advertised through newspapers or otherwise, but has made its way entirely on its merits, and through the fact that every sufferer can make free trial of its wonderful curative powers, and judge of its value from personal experience.

TOLD BY THE VETERANS

Reminiscences of Battles and Campaigns Heard Around Campfires.

The Making of an Army.
Men are not born to the fighting, men are bred to the sword. Only for God and their country have men to the battle front poured. Not in the clanging of armor, not in the lit of the drum!

But in the call of their country do men hear the terrible "Come!" Then rise the men of a nation, men of a purpose and will—

Then do they rise with a light in their eyes, but not as men go to the kill.

Men are not led by a halter, like to a reasonless beast; Men are not lured by a bauble to add to the carter's load. Only when home and their country speak in the thunder of God

Men walk with faces illumined, the paths that their fathers have trod. Then, in the shrill of the bullet; then, in the war trumpet's song;

In the pipe of the fife leap the soldiers to life—ready, and gallant, and strong.

Let but the enemy's cannon threaten the strength of our walls; Let but the banner of the traitor scatter disgrace in our halls;

Then will the banners of battle snap in the hiss of the wind; Then will the hearts be deserted; then will the marks all grow bare;

For the summons has pealed through the town and the field, and the men that were wanted are there.

Men are not born to the fighting. Tell it again and again. Men who go down to the killing—pawns they may be, but not men.

Only when God and the country sound us the long rally roll. Thrill us with drummings of conscience—

Then come the men from the hill and the glen, to put on their armor and die!

Blue and Gray Fraternize.
The Blue and the Gray had a happy camp fire at Vicksburg, Miss., recently. The local camp of Confederate veterans united with the National Military park commission and the board of trade in tendering it to the visiting Federal veterans from the northwestern states.

There were present a large number of old Confederate soldiers, a delegation from the United Daughters of the Confederacy and many prominent citizens. Capt. W. T. Rigby, chairman of the Vicksburg National Military park commission, a Federal veteran, gave an eloquent welcome to the old soldiers of both armies, dwelling on the bravery and heroism displayed on 2,200 battlefields by both Northern and Southern soldiers, which the government is rightly and nobly commemorating in the national military parks.

Col. R. V. Booth of Vicksburg next spoke in a similar strain, saying the American soldier is everywhere revered and honored, whether his uniform was blue or gray. H. C. Putnam of Brodhead, Wis., spoke also for the visiting soldiers and invited the Southern comrades to visit Wisconsin. Judge O. B. Christian of Marion, Ohio, spoke for his Buckeye comrades and gave some statistics comparing the size of armies and casualties in European wars which emphatically proved the valor of the American soldier and the mighty struggle of the civil war.

Lieut. Gen. Stephen D. Lee, the famous ex-Confederate commander, gave a brief sketch of Grant's army of the Tennessee, and outlined his Vicksburg campaign in a masterly way. He claimed emphatically that the fall of Vicksburg was the heaviest blow dealt to the Confederacy during the whole war, and praised the action of the government in establishing the Vicksburg National Military park. This gathering was one of the most significant events ever held here and the old soldiers from the North-west have very high opinions of Vicksburg hospitality.

Private Who Struck Gen. Sheridan.
Appropos of a story going the rounds of the press as to a pugilistic combat between a division commander and a private, the following story is told:

"When our division swung back from the pursuit of Bragg in November, 1862, we marched toward Nashville, and camped for a short time at Edgefield, just across the Tennessee from Nashville. As we went into camp, Gen. Phil Sheridan commanding the division, dismounted near a house on a hill to our left, and designated the house and yard as his headquarters.

Between this house and our regiment, the Fifty-second Ohio, was a field given up to cabbage. Many of the heads had been cut off earlier in the season, and fresh green, tender sprouts had grown up about the stalks.

"As soon as our guns were stacked the men broke ranks and literally swarmed over the cabbage field. They had been living on short army rations for so long a time that they hungered for cabbage, and in five minutes that field was black with soldiers, and they cleared it of everything green as they moved forward. So intent were they on gathering the cabbage that they paid no attention even to the orders of the guards sent among them.

At last the general, fuming and swearing, caught up a stout cane or club and went among the men himself.

"The men in advance fell back when they saw the general coming, but others, not seeing him, kept at work, and so it happened that Sheridan, with club raised to strike, came unawares as Jack Jeffers of Company K, Fifty-second Ohio. Jack was one of the sturdiest and most athletic men in the regiment and was not much given to conventionalities. The confusion about him had not disturbed him, and he was wholly oblivious of the approach of the general commanding the division.

"Jack was bending over a particularly fine bit of cabbage when Sheridan made a rear attack, striking the stooping man a resounding whack with his club. Jack went forward on his hands and face, and, supposing that one of the boys had pushed him over in rough frolic, he scrambled to his feet, and turning in blind fury struck his as-

salant squarely in the face. Sheridan went down on his back, and Jack, recognizing the figure and the uniform, bolted in a panic for our own camp.

"Sheridan was wild with rage. A score of men ran to help him, helped him up and brushed the dirt from his hair and clothes. He pushed them rudely aside and shouted: 'Don't bother about my clothes—catch the skunk that knocked me down; catch him, I say, and he ran forward himself in the direction taken by Jeffers.

Many of the boys ran with him, but curiously enough, not one could remember the fellow's name or to what regiment he belonged. I stood within five feet of the scappers, and when the general ordered me to catch the man who struck him, I obediently ran away as fast as my legs could carry me.

"There was a tremendous uproar in the brigade. Sheridan was determined to find the man, and our regimental and company officers made diligent inquiry of every man who had been in the cabbage field. We all knew who struck Phil Sheridan, but nobody told and I think Sheridan never knew until long afterward, and then he regarded the matter as a joke. Jeffers served through the war, and in the fight at Peach Tree Creek was one of the first men across the stream."

Paid Regiment With Advertisements.
There is an old confederate soldier in Louisville who tells an amusing story of an adventure he had during the civil war. He says:

"One day during the siege of Vicksburg, when everybody was out of money, and business was at a standstill, I was walking along the streets of the city with my colonel, when a shell from one of Grant's gunboats struck a house across the street from us. In this house was a drug store. The shell exploded and set fire to the house. The colonel and I and some other soldiers helped extinguish the flames. In looking around among the ruins we found a box of old mustang liniment advertisements made in the shape of dollar bills.

"As soon as I saw them an idea struck me which I communicated to the colonel. Then I asked the drug-gist if he wanted the advertisements, and, receiving a negative reply, I took up the box and carried it to headquarters.

"There was enough of that fake money in the box to pay off the regiment, and nearly enough to pay off the brigade. The next morning the colonel mustered the soldiers and every man was given a part of his pay in advertisements. Business immediately resumed, and the pie and tobacco stands opened up once more. The mustang liniment bills passed current and were as readily changed as confederate bills."

Headstones for Soldiers' Graves.
The United States government has had finished a large number of headstones for the graves of soldiers and sailors who fought in the civil war, and they are being distributed as rapidly as possible to the applicants at present.

Recently a consignment reached Boston from West Rutland, Vt., for relatives of deceased soldiers and sailors living hereabouts. The headstones are about three feet in height, and when set at the head of the grave will project at least one and a half feet above the ground.

They are made of white marble, and are ten inches across the face and five inches thick. On the face is cut a shield and the name, rank and department of service the deceased served in is cut in clear letters. It is a very neat appearing stone.

These stones are forwarded free of charge to the relatives of any soldier or sailor, and all that is necessary is an application to the war department at Washington, giving the name of the person whose grave the stone is to mark, with his rating and date of service.

Training of the National Guard.
The Army and Navy Journal, in an article on "National Guard Delusions," very truly says: "In the introduction of the various bills in Congress from time to time for the reorganization of the national guard, the fact is invariably lost sight of that the time of the majority of citizen soldiers is very limited, and any scheme advocating a month's training for officers and men is wholly impracticable."

In this line the Journal thinks a week the limit for militia training. While quite understanding that a month is completely out of the question, it is clearly within the line of possibilities to secure at least 14 days of service.

Many Members of D. A. R.
Connecticut members of the Daughters of the American Revolution claim for their state the distinction of having more "real daughters" than any other commonwealth in the national organization. There are ninety-nine "real daughters" on the Connecticut membership rolls, and each one has been presented with a gold spoon. Massachusetts comes next with eighty-six women whose fathers fought in the revolutionary war.

Growth of Sons of Veterans.
General gains in membership are reported throughout the order of the Sons of Veterans. The Wisconsin division is noticeable for the gain in new camps. The Connecticut division will hold its annual convention at Derby, April 15-16.